

The War Whoop

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Stranger Than Fiction

Nine o'clock in the dormitory. All is quiet save an occasional door slam, a called name, and an echo of a song drifting up from the floor below. My roommate is sound asleep. And I, pondering over the analysis of a language I bewilderingly call my own, hanging helplessly over a verbal brink—my sole support a dangling participle and a split infinitive—take my eyes off the thrice-read page, and gaze out through my second story window, out across the campus to the Science and Commerce Building, and up to the large Christmas tree that stands serenely a-top its flattened roof. I go to my window, raise it, and stare out into the night. A path of fog settles gently around the Christmas tree. Muffled and tiny light casts a halo in the mist. A glowing epitaph of peace.

And suddenly I realize that my eyes are no longer tired; the cobwebs are gone; my mind is clear. A feeling of near reverence creeps over me and I stand enthralled. Christmas and its true meaning strikes me with a force. Peace on earth, good will toward men. A Christ-Child for peace, born near two thousand years ago. That really was a great gift, wasn't it?

A gift God gave every man that ever lived; is living, and shall live. His for the taking. And still we make our puny attempts at giving without taking one moment's thought as to who was the originator and perpetuator of this spirit of Christmas giving. And oftentimes, I dare say, we do not even offer so much as the uncostly gift of thanks to the One who really began the spirit of Christmas giving by sacrificing His Only Son for peace. Truly the greatest gift of all!

And I say "stranger than Fiction," because it is true, and strange because I'd never thought of it that way before.

We Build A Ship

At the very moment our first subscriber picks up an initial copy of the War Whoop — we the staff are christening a ship.

We the staff do solemnly christen you, little 'War Whoop,' and in just a moment you will be launched out on the sea of Student Opinion.

Your builders have constructed you in a somewhat haphazard manner. Whether you will be able to stand the batterings you are to receive is a matter of conjecture. Huge waves of criticism will crash against you. Many bricks and few bouquets will batter your upper-decks.

At your helm stands a captain who is as green as Emerald Isle. His co-partner and assistants are made of sterner and more versatile stuff. Determined to sink or swim, we'll stay by you, little War Whoop. From the time you announce your arrival into this cruel world of Journalism, with a tiny whimper, until you become a full-fledged War Whoop, who can stand literally on your own two sea legs and ejaculate a war cry that can be heard even into the dark, dank recesses of Pearl River swamp — we, the staff, will stay by you. We will nurture your every whim; your desire is our

Honest Injun

In case you are wondering about "Honest Injun," here is what he does, but who he is as secret as his burial ground. We will say he is a courageous young brave, and his grandfather is Chief War Whoop. This young brave is in a spot where he might get hurt if he were known to the other braves around the ECJC village. His work is to snoop around the many tents in the village and get the "low-down" on the higher-ups.

If any of you squaws and braves have anything you want to put in "Honest Injun's" Column, just write it and address it to him.

Honor goes to Mr. Dearman by having his name to be the first to appear in this the "Honest Injun" column of Chief War Whoop's paper, the "War Whoop." Mr. Dearman, our fine and friendly math teacher, has seen, but never tried to prove, the old mathematical formula that "Two can live as cheaply as one." With the help of Santa Claus, Mr. Dearman will start work to prove the formula for himself. We dare not say how he will end up, but as a papoose to a brave, here's hoping that he will be very successful.

There were lots of squaws and braves in the big tent at the squaws' village on Sunday night. They made good use of the mistletoe which hung over their heads. Did you say something, Jeep?

What's all this about "Maggie" on the third floor in the girls' dormitory? Don't get excited, girls.

Since Parnell is a sports writer, I wouldn't be surprised to see Wilhelmina Muckelrath going out for basketball or something, so that Parnell could write about her????

R. W. Boydston, you had better stay in the dormitory this week, for Captain is going to check up every night this week. Sorry, Grace.

We are sorry to have Eddie Waples leave us. We hope he will come back to the ECJC village sometime. Eddie is going home with the Deac March. Wish him luck, Marjorie. We do.

Tut, tut, Margaret Yarborough went home last week end and couldn't be found Sunday night. Wonder where she and Blount hid?

Mr. Miller's weather predictions remind me of Joseph Allman. He is changing girls with the change in weather. It's "Wimpy" now. Betsey was looking for T. J. at the staff meeting the other day. Funny, but she never could keep up with him.

Has Bill Wallace turned against the squaws at the ECJC village, or is he just true to squaw Paw Waw back in his old home town? Ralph Temple is very friendly with the Louisville boys now. He must be planning to visit in Louisville during the Christmas holidays, huh! Oh, yes, I think you have something there, Temp.

Our squaw sweetheart of the Warriors, Helen Haddock, said she would have to study shorthand until Pat came. Poor Pat didn't get home in time to see her. Better luck next time to both of you.

Just a little advice to the squaws that haunt the mail post. If you don't get any mail just grab you a

command.

Your helmsman sets a very difficult course for you maiden voyage. We shall sail uncharted and dangerous seas. We will put to port at divers places for divers reasons. We will be beset by calms and mighty gales. Contention bones will shell your decks. Sticks and stones of caustic abuse will flay your flimsy crew. But come what may, mere words can do you no harm. So hitch your port beam to a star. We're traveling fast; we'er traveling far — we're taking the news to Garcia!

male and have come fun and forget the brave back some, like he did you.

Sue Moore is so popular with the boys that she stays in the dormitory with them so they won't have far to go to see her.

Russell Galsapay seems to have let his "Moody" thoughts take possession of him.

Yvonne Hoover says she is through with these papooses now "dry behind the ears yet" and in preference will get her a "Electric" man, more settled and aged.

Agatha Hamilton wants to know, dear readers, in what way she resembles a Model-T Ford? Both of them are cranky.

Margie Mulholland seems to have everything this past week end. Janell Patrick seems to have pitched her tent in Philadelphia over the "head-squaw's" protest.

Marjorie Gordon is on a new-fangled diet. Waffles.

Squaws and papooses take notice! We have a "Slay" in our midst. He especially likes brunettes, eh, what, Curtis?

One little papoose named Eileen Jones has a "Clois" space near her heart. The braves of the village are hollering "Moore, Moore" in the case of one little Miss Roberts.

What's all this talk about someone trying to "lynch" Miss Frances? Still? Well, here's luck to you, Ped!

Odie Thornhill seems to have a particular interest in one brand of jewelry called "Hillman's Specialty".

Rachel Moore is a strange squaw. She has two hobbies, "aiding the sick and love-lorn and collecting preachers."

Mary McAfee is trying to scrape up kinship with Mr. McConaughy because of the Mc in both names and a lagging political science

The Totem Pole

Rachel Moore, Marjorie Mulholland, Christine Riser, Charlene Willis, Ruth Herring, Betsey Shields and Miss Nell Tanner represented East Central Junior College Home Economics Club at the State Home Economics conference at Meridian, the second and third of December. Meridian was a very gracious hostess, making everyone enjoy herself as well as making many helpful suggestions about home economics and HRome Economics Club work.

The College Debating team went to Millsaps on December 8, to a state-wide junior college debating tournament. The negative side defeated the Meridian Junior College but were defeated in the next bracket by Goodman. John C. Taylor, Jr., and Klien Noel upheld the affirmative, and W. T. Taylor and Joseph Allman the negative.

Lionel Warner led the B. S. U. Tuesday morning, basing his remarks on Matthew 15:37-39. The organization meets at 6:30 every Tuesday morning at the Baptist Church. Everyone, both boys and girls, urged to attend each week. May this be our creed: Start the day off well by attending B. S. U.

grade. Eric, O'Connell, says she can't even write a letter. "Jeep!"

We saw a "Meadow" in the hope instinct in "Honest Injun" that prompts him to "snoop" the tracks so much.

Murry Kelly has found a "Jewel" in a "Meadow".

Listen, girls, Peter Jones is in need of a stenographer. Many squaws and braves are again hung by the "Cross" in chemistry.

Some squaw is "Carling" Charles Walters. Frank Hunter is still singing in "Op Virginia".

Fat Brave Taylor is large enough without another "Gain".

Dear readers, it seems that Max Lo, Hollingsworth seems to be shooting "Blanks" lately.

Attention girls! See Capitula Savell Winstead! She's done it, but can't say that she will "Relinquish" the formula yet, though.

It seems to be the opinion of several young warriors over at the big council house that Lady Helen Haddock certainly is an undecided young squaw.

Burton hasn't given up all hope yet. She has been to the beauty parlor at least six times in the past six weeks.

They say Doris Murphy just had to give up last Sunday night. Her neck gave out!

Annette Longino seems to be struck on this "Driving Business." There seems to be a new fall of "fortune telling" making the rounds of the squaw big-tent. Result, inquisitive squaw may find out just who her adoring warrior is. Seems that several such as Ruth Herring, Arlene Lewis, Mary Hadden Walker, Gertrude Smith, Frances Still, etc., are frequent patrons of this black magic to secure romance and confidence that they may still hold the water for their warrior in his tent.

Margaret Holladay has a new "yodel" in her book called "Op-Op-Op!" for you.

Brice Davis seems to have "Drew" his line at "Op-Op-Op!"

Poor Tootsie Phillips can't help it. She is "Op-Op-Op!"

Martha Tay seems to be a "Cornel" booster. Just because Horace Crosby and "Op-Op-Op!" were beating around the bush, "Hickory" we hope you have enjoyed the column of "Op-Op-Op!"

Take it no more, "Op-Op-Op!" don't take it no more, "Op-Op-Op!" you secure scalp, for "Op-Op-Op!" take our through "Op-Op-Op!"

Injun, it's all

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